CORVALLIS GAZETTE.

SEMI-WEEKLY.

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WHEN YE'R GROWIN' OLD.

There's a sadness stealin' o'er ye,
When ye'r growin' old,
Th' don't 'pear so much before ye,
When the world grows cold,
Ye'r a' standin' in th' evenin'
Where th' shades unfold,
When th' light o' day is leavin'
An' ye'r growin' old.

Night is drawin' of a curtain,
Sof' a bell is tolled,
Things look sort of gray, uncertain,
Where th' shadows fold
Th' landscape's waverin' pictures
That are all unrolled,
When ye'r life is in th' twilight
An' ye'r growin' old.

Like a fire that's sort o' fadin'
When the ashes hold
But a sort o' ghostly shadin'
Of a joy that's cold,
Like a sweet song, but whose echo
May ye'r memory hold,
When the sunset gilds the hilltops,
An' ye'r growin' old.

But the's light beyond th' hilltops,
When ye'r gray an' cold,
Out beyond the crimson sunset,
There is dawn unrolled,
The's a glow o' promise beamin'
Of hopes that fold
Ye'r heart and bring it comfort
When ye'r growin' old.
—Bismarck Tribune.

THE BANDOLERO.

PANCHO PARCO leaned lazily against his gate on the outskirts of the Southern California town, and looked down the road. It was a beautiful Sunday morning in May. Pancho was an old man, but there was nothing in his appearance indicative of his age except his bristling gray mustache, the deep lines in his brown face, and the dull, bloodshot black eyes that must once have been as fierce as those of an Indian. With his arms resting on the gate, Pancho rolled himself a huge yellow-papered cigarette, which he proceeded to enjoy. Suddenly he pulled the brim of his big white sombrero further down over his face as he descried a man walking toward him on the path beside the road. The newcomer was a young man, and Pancho's opposite in every particular.

"Como esta, senor?"

'Good morning, Pancho. Has Senorita Helena gone to church?'

"No, senor. Pretty soon she come. You go with her?"

"If she'll allow me."

"Oh, she glad to take you to church—glad to take any one. She is good. She want to make poor Pancho go, but he no go any more."

"Did you hear of the hold-up on the Santa Maria road, Pancho?" asked the American, casually.

At once it seemed that the sombrero cast a darker shadow over Pancho's face, while his eyes narrowed into slits. "Si, I heard of him. They make big fuss 'bout little thing. It was deefferent, senor, in early days before——" His inborn politeness gave him pause.

"Before the gringos came?" supplemented the other, laughingly.

"Si, senor, before the gringos came, I born here, senor, feefty—seexty—seventy years ago. My father had un rancho grande near here. Every one know el Rancho Parco. No banks those days, senor. We keep all the money in the casa de rancho—what you call house. Plenty of bandoleros then, you bet. You not know a bandolero. You meet him in the mountains; he take all you got; the next day you meet him in town and shake his hand, but you not know him."

"Well, Pancho, it's pretty hard to identify him these days," watching him closely.

"Oh, I don' know, eef you smart. What your beesiness, senor?"

The question was asked with much apparent indifference, but George Howard was not deceived. Suspecting, he saw himself suspected. "Real estate," he replied, promptly; "I'm down here looking up the purchase of some land."

"So?" said Pancho. "And will you buy him or—take him? Americanos get all the land all the time. Long time ago you come here, senor, you would come to me to get land. I own all. Now all gone, and Pancho not got five centavos. Pancho has lost his greep. Sometimes I geef away the land. You see where all those houses up street stand? One day Pancho see a big black horse—the horse do for his new saddle and silver spurs. I geef thousand acres for him. Those houses on the ground I geef away. The rest"—with a sudden and comprehensive sweep of the hand—"Pancho r-robbed of! You hear me, senor. I say—r-robbed! and now they make big fuss 'bout a poor bandolero!"

"Father is pitching into the Americans, as usual, I suppose?" said a girlish voice behind them.

Both turned to look upon Helena Parco, dark, bright-eyed, with the rose and the olive blended in her cheek.

"To hear my father talk," she went on, blithely, "one would think he was a foreigner, while he is an American himself."

"Si," broke in Pancho, "un Americano, but not——"

"A gringo," interpolated Howard.

"Well, it is foolish of you, dear old father, to talk so. In a cosmopolitan country such as ours"—and then as she realized that her language was unintelligible to one of her hearers, at least—"but, Mr. Howard, I must go to church. The Mission bells are ringing already and I am the organist. I will be glad if you will go with me. Like the Salvation Army lassie, I want every one to come to our hall."

The two went down the road together, leaving Pancho meditatively smoking his cigarette. And as he smoked he communed with himself and wondered about many things. Helena was so unlike a Parco, he thought. She was not content to mix with the Spanish people exclusively, as her mother had done before her, but was welcomed everywhere. She did not hate the Americans, but told him, her own father, many times that it was wrong to cherish hatred against any one. Surely she was a strange, dear child. But the Parco blood would tell even in her if the occasion arose—he was sure of that.

Making himself another cigarette, Pancho strolled idly into the town. He joined several groups of Spanish-Americans standing on the sidewalks in their Sunday clothes, nodded familiarly to the store-keepers in front of the shops, and finally brought up before a crowd of men and boys who had surrounded and were listening to Sam Smith's description of the recent hold-up. Sam was the stage-driver.

"I threw out the box all right enough," Sam was saying, with great caution, "but it was my old fake box. The right one was on behind, tied up in a roll of blankets. The fellow was just about the build of Pancho there——"

Pancho passed on as if he had not heard, but a knowing smile of satisfaction played about his lips.

The delightfully monotonous summer days of blue sky and yellow sun came and departed before the town was again awakened from its languorous sleep of satisfied traquility. In the vicinity of Los Alamos Sam Smith was held up once more. The lone highwayman compelled the doughty and shrewd Samuel to descend from his seat and produce the express box from a roll of blankets. This being accomplished, the luckless passengers were lined up on one side of the road and the man with the gunny-sack over his head and the Winchester in his hand relieved them of their valuables in turn.

The following day the broken express box and a piece of the gunny sack were found in the bushes near the scene of the robbery. Pancho was suspected on Sam's report and his house searched. There the rest of the gunny sack was found. Pancho had already taken to the hills, and a large reward was offered for his capture.

Sympathy, sincere and universal, went out to the old man's daughter, but with the blow a change came over her. Every glance of pity was met by a look of suppressed indignation and scorn, for pity implied a belief in her father's guilt. In her eye a new fire kindled—a fire that burned in Pancho's eyes when he was young. Except her own, no roof knew her now but that of the Mission. But all this was only the brave exterior. In a little while it was known she was ill. Within two months she was dead. The wise doctors gave the cause as quick consumption.

Two days afterward two men moved cautiously down the slope of the cone-shaped mountain, at the foot of which stood the Mission. Both were armed, and both crept crouchingly from bowlder to bowlder and from bush to bush, as if they feared detection. As they did so the bells of the Mission began to toll. The sweet-toned sound from the little bronze bells—cast in old Spain—came up the mountain, and the two men stopped and looked down at a funeral procession passing slowly along the country road to the grave yard, a short distance away. For one of them that funeral was a magnet. Following the hearse came a wagon in which sat a number of young girls clothed in white, and behind it many buggies, wagons and a motley description of vehicles filled with people.

The man in the rear gazed intently at the moving spectacle for a time, and then his eyes wandered searchingly over the mountain slope. Suddenly he stood erect and brought his gun to his shoulder; for the first time he had discovered the other man, leaning against a slanting rock, not twenty feet away.

"Hands up, quick!" he shouted, "or I'll fire."

"Carajo!" burst from Pancho's lips, as he made a movement to seize his gun.

"Don't! I'll kill you."

Slowly Pancho's hands went up. Howard advanced to disarm him. It was Pancho's turn: "You no come!" he cried. "Dios! You not take me alive."

Howard stopped. The two looked at each other steadily. The Mission bells still tolled, and the funeral procession wended its way along the country road.

"You must go with me, Pancho. I'm sorry, but I must do my duty."

"I say I no go!" cried Pancho, his eyes blazing with excitement. "You think a Parco go to jail?"

"It'll be all right, Pancho, old man. If you're not guilty you can easily prove it."

"Geelty? You mean I no hold up the stage? You want me say that. I no say it. I did hold him up, but I not geelty. How is it when the damned gringos take all Pancho got? The gringos geelty, eh? What you say? Pancho no bandolero. Pancho only take a leetle of what is take from him. But no use talk. Every one say Pancho geelty. I no care. Nina mia, dead. You see down there? They take Helena to the grave. I no want leef. I no 'fraid death. When they put Helena mia in the grave, Pancho die too. You watch, senor—you see."

The procession was entering the grave yard.

"But I won't allow you to kill yourself."

"You not allow?" Pancho laughed derisively. "But you make meestake. Pancho no keel himself. Helena mia say that is wrong—say es malo. I not do what Helena mia say not do. You keel me, senor."

"I kill you!"

"Si, senor, you keel me, or—I keel you. I got right to do that."

"But Pancho, Pancho," Howard almost screamed, as he saw in the other's face the sudden resolve and the plan to effect it, "you must not make me do it. No, you will not, Pancho. Think of Helena. Helena would not want you to do that. She would want you to live and be a Parco." As he pleaded for the other man's life, he became fearful of his own nerves.

Pancho had turned his face in the direction of the little cemetery and the people standing around the open grave. Even at that distance his eyes were fixed upon the coffin which was being gradually lowered. To him came the cadence of the last notes of the bells. Suddenly he wheeled about and his hands dropped from the rock above his head upon which he had been resting. "Now!" he cried, as he made a motion to sieze his gun.

The Mission bells were still, but the shot from Howard's gun reverberated through the hills.—Argonaut.

Teaching Etiquette.

"Madam," he began as the door opened, "I am selling a new book on 'Etiquette and Deportment.'"

"Oh, you are," she responded, according to Pearson's Weekly. "Go down there and clean the mud off your feet!"

"Yes'm. As I was saying, ma'am, I am sel——"

"Take off your hat. Never address a strange lady at her door without removing your hat."

"Yes'm. Now, then, as I was saying——"

"Take your hands out of your pockets. No gentleman ever carries his hands there."

"Yes'm. Now, ma'am, this work on eti——"

"Throw away your pipe. If a gentleman uses tobacco he is careful not to disgust others by the habit."

"Yes'm. Now, in calling your attention to this valuable ——"

"Wait. Put that dirty handkerchief out of sight and use less grease on your hair in the future. Now you look a bit decent. You have a book on 'Etiquette and Deportment.' Very well, I don't want it. I am only the servant girl. Go up the steps to the front door and talk with the lady of the house. She called me a downright, outright, no-doubt-about-it idiot this morning, and I think the book you're selling is just what she requires."

Useful Palm Trees.

There are several kinds of palm trees which flourish in Africa. One is the date palm. The tree is very beautiful, and when one knows the uses that the natives make of it, it is a question what the people would do for food and shelter if the date palm did not grow there. It provides them with food equal to any of the grain foods with which we are familiar. It also provides them with sugar, with wine, vinegar and oil. Their houses are built of it, and their furniture is made of it, and the roofs are thatched—that is, covered—with its leaves. They have learned to make paper of it, so that the history of the country such as it has, is written upon it. In South America there is another kind of palm—the cocoanut palm. This kind not only provides the South Sea Islander with food, with timber for his house, and wood for his furniture, and thatching for his roof, but it also supplies him with dishes, for the nut of the cocoanut is his drinking cup. It also provides with a drink, for the milk of the cocoanut, an American writer tells us, is as cool as any hillside spriug, and so delicate as to be incomparable with any other drink furnished by nature.

Sacred Flowers in India.

In the Hindu religion bright-colored or fragrant flowers take a prominent place as offerings to the gods, whilst the leaves or flowers of other plants are held sacred either for special historical reasons, or for their fancied resemblance to mythical objects. The list of flowers held sacred by the Hindoos alone is an immensely long one. The holiest flower in India is that of the Kadamba tree, which is specially dedicated to the god Krishnu. The flower of the Pippul tree are venerated by the Hindoos because the Diety Vishnu is supposed by them to have been born amongst its branches. Other peculiarly sacred flowers with this people are those of the Asoca, the Bakula, the Mango, the Bela and the Kadamba. The most celebrated sacred flower is the Lotus. In India it was supposed to spring from Vishnu, and in its unfolded blossom Brahma appeared; it was also the attribute of Ganga. In Egypt it was concentrated to Isis and Osiris, and symbolized the creation of all things from water, the rise of the Nile, and the return of the sun.

Regalia of Knight of the Garter.

A Knight of the Garter dressed in the regalia is an imposing sight. He wears a blue velvet mantle, with a star embroidered on the left breast. His trunk-hose, stockings and shoes are white, his hood and surcoat crimson. The garter, of dark blue velvet edged with gold and bearing the motto, "Honi soit qui mal y pense," also in gold, is buckled about the left leg, below the knee. The heavy golden collar consists of twenty-six pieces, each in the form of a garter, bearing the motto, and from it hangs the "George," a badge which represents St. George on horseback, encountering the dragon. The "lesser George" is a smaller badge attached to a blue ribbon, worn over the left shoulder. The star of the Order consists of eight points, within which is the cross of St. George encircled by the garter.

New Method of Sealing Bottles.

In a new method of sealing a bottle a capsule fits over the neck with slits for the passage of a cord or ribbon, the ends of which are drawn together and pressed into a stamped lead seal.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER.

Quaint Sayings and Cute Doings of the Little Folks Everywhere, Gathered and Printed Here for All Other Little Ones to Read.

In St. Nicholas Governor Roosevelt of New York tells "What We Can Expect of the American Boy." Of course, he says, what we have a right to expect of the American boy is that he shall turn out to be a good American man. Now, the chances are strong that he won't be much of a man unless he is a good deal of a boy. He must not be a coward, or a weakling, a bully, a shirk, or a prig. He must work hard and play hard. He must be clean-minded and clean-lived, and able to hold his own under all circumstances and against all comers. It is only on these conditions that he will grow into the kind of American man of whom America can be really proud.

There are always in life countless tendencies for good and for evil, and each succeeding generation sees some of these tendencies strengthened and some weakened; nor is it by any means always, alas! that the tendencies for evil are weakened, and those for good strengthened. But during the last few decades there certainly have been some notable changes for good in boy life. The great growth in the love of athletic sports, for instance, while fraught with danger if it becomes one-sided and unhealthy, has beyond all question had an excellent effect in in-reared manliness. Forty or fifty years ago the writer on American morals was sure to deplore the effeminacy and luxury of young Americans who were born of rich parents. The boy who was well off then, especially in the big Eastern cities, lived too luxuriously, took to billiards as his chief innocent recreation, and felt small shame in his inability to take part in rough pastimes and field sports. Nowadays, whatever other faults the son of rich parents may tend to develop, he is at least forced by the opinion of all his associates of his own age to bear himself well in manly exercise, and to develop his body—and therefore, to a certain extent, his character—in the rough sports which call for pluck, endurance, and physical address.

The Little Boy's Lament.

Oh! why must I always be washed so clean
And scrubbed and drenched for Sunday,
When you know, very well, for you've always seen,
That I'm dirty again on Monday?

My eyes are filled with the lathery soap,
Which adown my ears is dripping;
And my smarting eyes I can scarcely ope,
And my lips the suds are sipping.

It's down my neck and up my nose,
And to choke me you seem to be trying;
That I'll shut my mouth you need not suppose,
For how can I keep from crying?

You rub as hard as ever you can,
And your hands are hard, to my sorrow;
No woman shall wash me when I'm a man,
And I wish I was one to-morrow.

The Shortest Month.

Did you know that the month of September, in the calendars of English-speaking people, one year had only nineteen days? It was made by the change from the old style to the new style in reckoning time. Pope Gregory, you know, dropped ten days from the calendar in 1582 to make civil time and solar time agree, and further ordained that the closing year of a century, instead of being always a leap-year, as in the Julian calendar, should be so only when the number of the year was divisible by 400.

Now, England did not adopt the Gregorian calendar until 1752, and by that time there was a difference of eleven days, instead of ten, between that calendar and the Julian, the eleventh day having been dropped in the year 1700, which was not a leap-year under the new rule. The English almanacs for 1752, therefore, gave September nineteen days instead of thirty, thus making their time accord with the Gregorian.

Some Old Birds.

An observer mentions the instance of a raven that has lived 69 years; a pair of eagle owls, one of which is 67 and the other 53 years; a Bateleur eagle and a condor, in the Zoological Gardens at Amsterdam, aged 55 and 52; an imperial eagle of the age of 56, a golden eagle of 46 and a sea eagle of 42, and many birds of the age of 40 downward are also recorded.

Pigeons Form Telegraph Service.

There are several small islands on the Pacific Ocean that belong to England. A vessel was wrecked during a storm on one of these islands and it was necessary to get word to Auckland. Carrier pigeons were used. They carried the messages and brought return messages. This success led to the buying of a large flock of carrier pigeons, which were trained for the work on these islands. Each bird can carry four messages, each written on paper of a certain quality and size. When four messages are ready a bird is sent off. Each message costs either 12 or 25 cents. These pigeons are private property.

No Food or Water.

Eight hundred people live on one of the West India Islands, where there is no water nor food, nor towns nor villages. Anguilla is the name of the island, and the Government has to send food to the inhabitants every year to keep them from starving. The only water they have is tainted by the sea and not fit to drink.

Sacred Banyan Trees.

Among the numerous things considered sacred in India is the banyan tree, one of the fig genus, remarkable for its vast rooting branches. The horizontal branches send down shoots which take root when they reach the ground and enlarge into trunks, which, in their turn, send out branches.

Windows of Paper

A kind of paper is made from seaweed which is so transparent that it may be used instead of glass for windows.

The Basques.

The difference between Basques and other Spaniards is striking, not only physically but mentally. The Basques are clean, quiet and business-like, not profuse in their speech, and they stick to a promise when this is once given. Other Spaniards think them morose, as they are people of few words, rather peppery when contradicted unnecessarily and only for talking's sake, and they will stand no nonsense. Whilst it is the universal custom in the surrounding Spanish provinces for every peasant, be it man, woman or child, to greet you with a polite phrase, the Basques pass by without any salutation. Instead of profuse recognition when meeting a former employer, and then, after typical Spanish fashion, inquiring after his own health and that of every member of his family, the Basques pass by without a word, the former business is over, but he has no objection to enter into a new contract. Wherever there is in a typical Spanish town an inn or hotel run by a Basque, that house is the one to make for; not only is it cleaner and more orderly, but ten to one the landlord will not mind going out of his way to help his guest.—Dr. Gadow, in Northern Spain.

Sentenced to Death Three Times.

A famous criminal in Denmark has had the unique experience of being sentenced to death three separate times. Such is the lenity of Danish law, or, rather, the indisposition of the ruling powers to proceed to extreme measures, that this notorious person, before he was tried for the third time on the capital charge, had already been reprieved twice and relegated to prison for a long term. It was in prison that he committed his third offense in murdering one of his jailers. He began his long career of crime at the age of 8, by setting fire to a farm house. In October, 1894, a criminal in Germany was found guilty of the murder of two women and attempts to murder others. Under the German law sentence is passed for each crime, and the prisoner in this case was consequently twice condemned to death on the capital offenses, and for the murderous assaults to fifteen years' penal servitude.

Crystal Island.

Crystal Island is one of the small isles of which such a large number are dotted about in the Pacific ocean. It received its name on account of its being one mass of beautiful crystallized carbonate of lime. One of the most remarkable features of the Pacific ocean, and one that distinguishes it from every other, is the vast assemblage of small islands with which, on the map, it appears to be crowded, particularly in the portion situated between the tropics. These islands are of three distinct forms—the coral, the crystal and the volcanic. Of these, the first formation greatly predominates, but the largest islands are of the last description. Of the crystal formation, Crystal Island is one of the few specimens known.

Barnabee's Unexpected Hit.

H. C. Barnabee of the Bostonians tells a story about a baby which made the hit of the evening at a certain performance of "Patience" in which he took part. "There was a young couple up in the gallery," he says, "and they had the baby contingent along. My thunderous tones repeating my lines, 'Where the dust of an earthy to-day is the earth of a dusty to-morrow,' awakened the baby and it began to cry loud and long. Then came my lines, 'It's a little thing of my own.' I made the most of them and the house caught on and yelled itself hoarse."

The Reason.

The reason why the unexpected happens so frequently is because people do not expect what they should.—Somerville Journal.

When She Cries.

We will have reached the heights of realism in literature when writers honestly describe the way the heroine looks when she cries.

Only a strong-minded man can read the persuasive advertisement of a patent medicine without being convinced that he needs a bottle of it.

Shoddy society is made of the social dregs thrown up by the waves of commercial convulsions.

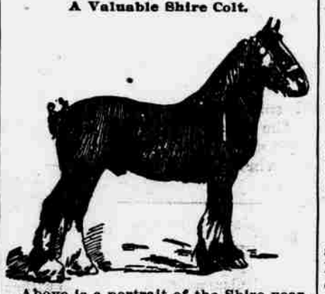
It Lifts a Barrel.

A German manufacturer has put on the market a new barrel pulley, by means of which a barrel can easily be brought into such a position as to allow a handy and convenient way of tapping. The apparatus as represented in the accompanying illustration, consists of a simple wooden frame on the flat part of which the barrel is rolled while resting on the ground. By means of an inner pulley attachment which can be worked by a handle fixed on the back of the apparatus, the barrel can be brought into any desired position.

Patchwork Farming.

I have in mind a farm where there is one wide sweep of grain, not even a fence, only a tiny strip of ground left unplanted, to separate the wheat from the rye. One large field contains the corn crop. Of course, there are fields for potatoes and for any other vegetable that is raised in quantity, but there are not half a dozen patches. This is economy. There are no fences to occupy room and to be kept in order; there is not so much time spent in going from one field to another, and the conditions are of some value as to the general appearance of the farm. Some may say that the crops must be changed from place to place; that potatoes may yield well on one spot and fail entirely in another, and so on. These objections may hold good to a certain extent. It may sometimes be desirable to change the crops, but this can be done when necessary, and the farmer is supposed soon to learn to adapt his crops to his soil. There is no need of making a sort of landscape patchwork of the farm.—Palmer Sweet in exchange.

A Valuable Shire Colt.



Above is a portrait of the Shire yearling colt Buscot Squire, that won the champion cup for young stallions at the late London Shire horse show. Buscot Squire was sired by Markeaton Royal Harold 15225, and his dam is Madryn Bonny Lass 16956 by Willington Sir John 8607. He was bred by Hon. Alexander Henderson and sold to Sir J. Blundell Maple for 1,500 guineas, or approximately $7,875.

The Farm Tools.

Keep Farm Tools Sharp.—Too often this is not thought of until the tools are wanted for use, then much time is lost in putting them in order. It has been said that a man can do as much in two days with sharp tools as in three days with dull ones. I know a man who does a great deal of hard hoeing, who thinks the continued use of a file makes a difference of nearly one-half in the labor. So look after the condition of the hoes, spades, scythes, saws, chisels, etc.; it will pay. A good grindstone and plenty of files are among the best of farm investments. The man who prepares himself before the rush of spring work comes upon him will always be ahead of his neighbor who defers preparation until time to begin spring work.

Grinding Tools.—All edge tools should be held on the grindstone so that the action of the stone will be at right angles to the plane of the edge; in other words, hold edge of tool square across the stone. Ground in this manner, a finer edge is set, the grinding is done quicker, the tool holds an edge longer and is less liable to become nicked. A grindstone should always run true, as a tool can not be ground correctly on one that revolves with an irregular motion. It is well to grind on edges of stone to form a raised surface.

Varnish for Tools.—Melt three ounces of tallow with one ounce of resin and strain while hot, as there may be specks in the resin. With a brush apply a thin coating to polish parts and it will preserve them from rust for any length of time.

A Poultry Farm of Size.

It may prove a matter of surprise to state that Mississippi has a $100,000 poultry farm. Here is the proof: "The second largest poultry farm in the United States," says the Bay Wave-land Commercial Pamphlet, "is located fifteen miles from Bay St. Louis; 5,000 laying hens ply their vocation, 1,500 ducks and many turkeys are a portion of the enterprise. Twenty to thirty 600 and 800 egg incubators are in constant use. This alone demonstrates the success of the poultry enterprise. Commenting, the Sea Coast Echo says: When the pamphlet in question was being prepared it was a rule to make no exaggerations, and no statement that could not be fully substantiated upon investigation. The poultry farm located at Bryant's, on the Louisville and Nashville line, was established a few years ago at a cost of $100,000. It is one of the greatest and most interesting. Imagine a place where eggs are gathered daily by wheelbarrows full!"

Feed for Horses.

When cut feed with corn and oats is fed to working horses it often happens that the proportion of corn in the meal is too large, causing the horse to get off his feed, and possibly giving him colic from inability to digest it. If the corn meal produces no other bad effects, it is apt to make the horse take on fat rather than build up the muscles, as it needs to do for hard work. Some wheat bran with a little wheat middlings put in will remedy this. The wheat middlings will counteract the tendency of the bran to produce scours and both are the natural complements of corn meal, which is mainly carbonaceous, and is, therefore, fattening, rather than strength giving. The horses especially like this mixture when cut feed has been moistened with hot water, thus partly soaking the ration before it is fed to them. This hot water on bran creates an aroma, of which, mixed with cut hay, horses are exceedingly fond, and the whole ration being cooked is more easily digested.

Poultry Feeding.

Those who want fat chickens or turkeys should remember that the only way is to begin by feeding right from the beginning. Do not trust to their being able to pick up a living in the fields for the summer, and then fatten in a few weeks before killing. If they find enough to eat when running at large they will eat but little or not at all when they come up at night, but it should be placed where they can get it if they want it. Never let them go to roost until they have had all they care to eat of sound grain, and we prefer the whole grain to any mash as the last food of the day. Of course those who keep their fowl in yards do not need this advice, but they need to feed at regular hours and give as much as they will eat at night.

To Grow Watermelons.

This is the way an Iowa correspondent of Farm, Field and Fireside would grow watermelons: Select a rich loam—sandy loam is best—and dig holes six feet each way, or in one long row, and put a shovel of well rotted manure in each hill, covering with two inches of dirt. Plant about a dozen seeds in each hill, covering one inch deep. Plant from the 5th to the 10th of May. Soon after planting these, say five or six days, plant a hill between each two of the first ones. These will come up about the time the bugs show up generally, and they will not touch the first vines, but will destroy the second planting. Should the bugs come early and attack the first vines they are all gone before the others are up.

How to Transfer Bees.

Bees never attack when their stomachs are filled with honey or other liquid sweets. This is their normal condition when swarming, and therefore they are then harmless, and also when returning to their hives. Neither do they attack when thoroughly frightened. We frighten bees by blowing smoke among them or by rapping rather violently on their hives. When bees are alarmed in their hives by smoke or concussion, their first impulse is to fill their honey bags from their combs. Bees in a hive that is constantly being rapped against will in a few minutes rush boldly out from among their combs into any empty skip or box set over their place of exit from the hive.

Filled Cheese.

The question of filled cheese has again come to our attention through recent prosecutions in England for selling these goods contrary to law. Several fines have already been imposed upon offenders, and there seems to be a determinned effort upon the part of the officers of the law to enforce strict adherence to the provisions of the act which was framed to regulate the sale of imitation cheese. The law provides that retailers shall advise their customers of the character of the article sold, and they shall also wrap each piece of cheese when delivered to a purchaser with a paper on which is printed distinctly the words "Margarine Cheese."

Native Oklahoma Plants.

Those interested in the flora of Oklahoma should send for bulletin No. 45 of the Oklahoma Experiment Station. This bulletin gives the common and scientific names of about 750 plants growing without cultivation in the territory. A popular summary of the bulletin was issued, but the edition of this is already exhausted. A copy of the complete bulletin will be sent to all who request it.

Black Knot.

Look carefully on the cherry trees for any signs of black knot. It will be an advantage to cut away the branch or limb and burn it if any indications of the disease are found. It comes from spores, and once it gets in an orchard seems to hold its own. Trees that were treated last fall should be sprayed early, following with spraying several times thereafter.